



Trail Riders *of the* Canadian Rockies



SONG SHEET



1944

Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies

SONG SHEET

1

O CANADA!

O Canada! Our home, our native land,
True Patriot love in all thy sons command.
With glowing hearts we see thee rise,
The True North strong and free;
And stand on guard, O Canada,
We stand on guard for thee.

Chorus

O Canada! glorious and free,
We stand on guard,
We stand on guard for thee.
O Canada! we stand on guard for thee.

2

THE GUY ON THE FLYING CAYUSE

(Tune—*The Man on the Flying Trapeze*)

Once I was peppy but now I'm all in,
Like an old shoe that is worn out and thin,
Last on the Trail Ride and mad with chagrin
Because of a slowgoing mare.
Oh! the mare that they offered was handsome;
When they brought her I could not refuse,
But, I wish I could lose her for ever as well
As the guy on the Flying Cayuse.

He rides on the trail like a runaway moose,
The dashing young guy on the Flying Cayuse,
His chapps are so gaudy the girls all enthuse
On the trail as he gallops away.

I offer her candy and chocolate drops,
And also old brandy, whenever she stops—
She takes it, then over a deadfall she hops
This slowgoing, playful old mare.
Oh! in vain do I spur her and whip her,
She's a hide that is tough as the deuce.
I hope she will burn in the next world as well
As the guy on the Flying Cayuse.

He rides on the trail, etc., etc.

3

JEANINE, I DREAM OF SUPPERTIME

(Tune—*Jeanine, I Dream of Lilactime*)

Jeanine, I dream of suppertime,
Your soup that steams at suppertime,
Your tender steak and beans warming in the pot,
Your jam and cake, your coffee that's always hot;
Jeanine, my queen of suppertime,
Your spotted dog is superfine,
Whene'er I chew, I think lovingly of you
And dream, Jeanine, of suppertime.

4

DEEP IN THE MOUNTAINS

(Tune—*Deep in My Heart, Dear*, — from "The Student Prince")

Deep in the mountains
There is a tent for two,
Where in the starlight
I am a-dreaming of you;
Though trails may sever
Let us remember for ever
Deep in the mountains
There is a tent for two.

5

WHEN IRISH SPUDS ARE B'ILING

(Tune—*When Irish Eyes Are Smiling*)

When Irish spuds are b'iling
And there's onions in the stew,
And the Irish cook is smiling
In the way that Irish do,
And he adds a ton of pepper
Just to make the world seem gay,
Oh, when Irish spuds are b'iling
Sure the appetite's okay!

6

RIDING TO THE GREAT DIVIDE

(Tune—*Cryin' for the Carolines*)

What is the song I have in my heart
As over the trails I ride?
Anyone can see what's beckoning me,
I'm riding to the Great Divide.
Where is the brook that breaks on the pass,
Tumbling on either side?
Anyone can see what's beckoning me,
I'm riding to the Great Divide.
How can I smile mile after mile
And be so bright and cheery?
Something I know makes me feel so,
I never feel a-weary.
There is a gal who said if I came
There she would be my bride—
Anyone can see what's beckoning me,
I'm riding to the Great Divide.

7

THE TRAIL TO HAPPINESS

(Tune—*The Road to Victory*)

Ride on, ride on, ride on the Trail to Happiness
Ride off, ride off, ride off the Rusty Dusty and
Ride on, ride on, ride on the Trail to Happiness
And reach another Camp today!
Ride up, ride up, ride up towards the Great Divide,
Ride down, ride down, ride down again the other
side,
Ride one, ride ten, ride fifteen miles or more or less
And you'll find happiness that day!
When you're safe in camp at evening in the teepee
You can write to all your friends a stirring tale,
You can tell them that the best way to get sleepy
Is to ride all day upon the rocky trail,
So they'd better ride on, ride on, ride on the Trail
to Happiness,
Ride off, ride off, ride off the Rusty Dusty and
Ride on, ride on, ride on the Trail to Happiness
And reach another camp that way!

THE LAKE THAT IS SO GREEN(Tune — *The Wearing of the Green*)

O Daddy dear, and did you hear the news that's going round?
The stillest lake in all the world has now at last been found.

It lies up near the Great Divide, the mountains in between;

You see them all reflected in the surface so serene.

I met with Mrs. Jackson and she took me by the hand,
And she said "What price a mirror now? And doesn't it look grand?"

There is no more restful country that ever yet was seen
Than is the lake called Emerald because it is so green.

And set beside the water there's a Chalet can be seen,
With cabins full of cosy beds and blankets warm and clean.

And since the most important thought is how we shall be fed.

I'll tell you that the Chalet is the home of fancy-bread;
There's shortbread and there's oatcakes and the lovely kinds of cake

That cooks that come to Canada from good old Scotland
bake.

It's the most digestful country that ever yet was seen;
This lovely lake called Emerald because it is so green.

WHEN IT'S TRAIL TIME IN THE ROCKIES(Tune — *When It's Spring Time in the Rockies*)

When it's Trail time in the Rockies
I'll come riding back to you,
For I'm fed up with the talkies,
And I want to talk to you;
I'll forget what price the stock is
In the markets far away,
When it's Trail time in the Rockies,
In the Rockies I shall play.

LAKE LOUISE(Tune — *Think on Me*)

Throned in an Alpine eyrie,
Lake Louise!
Reigns like a Queen of faery,
Lake Louise!
In sweet surrender
To stars that tend her,
And sapphires lend her,
Lake Louise!
Lake, Oh Lake Louise! Lake Louise!

Lo, in her cool Dominion,
Lake Louise!
Pillow'd on snowy pinion,
Lake Louise!
Enchantment choosing,
Her spell diffusing,
The world bemusing,
Lake Louise!
Lake, Oh Lake Louise! Lake Louise!

Dawn with the ruby fingers,
Lake Louise!
Banters the night that lingers,
Lake Louise!
The charm fulfilling,
New grace instilling,
New jewels spilling,
Lake Louise!
Lake, Oh Lake Louise! Lake Louise!

OH! DAT GOLDEN SADDLE(Tune — *Oh! Dem Golden Slippers*)

Oh, dat golden saddle,
Oh, dat golden saddle,
Dat golden saddle I's gwine to ride
When I get out of gaol.
Oh, dat golden saddle,
Oh, dat golden saddle,
Dat golden saddle I's gwine to stride
When I ride the golden trail.

RIDING OUT TO THE GLACIERS(Tune — *Telling it to the Daisies*)

Riding out to the glaciers
Trotting beside you too,
Showing how they are melting—
But the heart never melts in you.

What do I do a-riding
Out on the Rocky trails,
Vainly a hope confiding
But I ride on a ride that fails.

Oh,
I'm so in love with you and oh,
I fear you're never gonna know
Unless your pony goes more slow.
I know I'm
Wasting a lot of good flesh
Just to keep up with you,
Riding out to the glaciers—
But the heart never melts in you.

CASTLE MOUNTAIN CAMP(Tune — *Carolina Moon*)

Castle Mountain Camp, we're coming,
Coming all a-singing on the trail;
Castle Mountain Camp, we're humming,
Humming all the songs that never fail;
How we're hoping to-night you'll know
Our appetite must grow—
Don't be too tight,
Sit up all night, please do,
Getting all the good things ready,
Don't say that we come too soon.

LIFE IS A TRAIL(Tune — *Life is a Song*)

Life is a trail, let's ride it together,
Let's take the reins and follow the guide,
Hour after hour, until our ponies we tether
Near by a spring cool on the mountain-side.
Life is a trail that winds on for ever;
Follow the guide and no one can fail.
Then strike the camp,
Moon for a lamp,
In warm summer weather,
And tenting together
We'll sleep on the trail.

MY LITTLE GREY PONY(Tune — *My Moonlight Madonna*)

Where are you,
Beautiful little grey pony?
Like the dew you're gone with the dawn,
My pony—
Not one clue from the slide where we left her,
No one to hide could be defter,
Long have I hunted my little grey pony,
Over the river and rocks I am falling.
Climbing the mountain-side calling
For her return with my lasso upon her,
For the return of my little grey pony.

(Tune — *The Desert Song*)

High mountains and you and I,
A camp kissing a moonlit sky,
Where every tree whispers a lullaby—
Bed of boughs below you
Perfect rest will show you.
Ah! give me a pony strong
To ride the trails as the day is long,
With hearts a-singing
And echoes ringing
The mountain song.

WHAT DO WE DO

(Tune — *Dew Dew Dewy Day*)

All we do is go out riding
When the sun shines bright and gay,
But what do we do, what do we do
On a dew-dew-dewy-day?
All we do is lots of talking
Where the camp-fire shadows play,
But what do we do, what do we do
On a dew-dew-dewy-day?
Do we laugh? Do we play?
Do we smoke just a little bit?
Sing just a little bit,
Boy, I'll say!
When the tent is warm and cosy
And the town is far away,
Oh, what do we do, what do we do
On a dew-dew-dewy-day?

OLD TRAIL RIDER

(Tune — *Ol' Man River*)

Old trail rider, that old trail rider,
He must know something, he don't say nothing,
He just keeps riding, he keeps on riding along.
He don't wear gaiters nor riding breeches
Though girls that wear 'em look just like peaches,
But old trail rider he just keeps riding along.
You half swore you'd ride no more,
Body all aching and seat all sore.
"How far now?"—"One more mile"—
Keep your pecker up and put on a smile.
Don't get weary and don't get snappy
For you'll soon harden and feel so happy,
Like old trail rider who just keeps riding along.

MY PONY

(Tune — *Ramona*)

My pony, I see the guide a-going strong,
My pony, he's singing out to come along—
I ride you a-stride you
And chide you when you go too slow,
And up hill and down hill
I keep you ever on the go.
My pony, we'll camp beside a waterfall;
My pony, you'll feed where grass is growing tall.
I dread the dawn
When I wake to find you gone—
My pony, I need you, my own!

MY TRUE HEAVEN

(Tune — *My Blue Heaven*)

When whip-poor-wills call
And evening is nigh
I saunter to my
True heaven.
A gentle ascent,
A little white tent,
And there you have my
True heaven.
At night the moonlight falls
Upon the walls
That slope above,
And fairies keep
Secure for sleep
The tent I love.
So give me the bed
Of boughs that are spread,
For camping is my
True heaven!

O LAKE O'HARA

(Tune — *O Sol Mio*)

How sweet the moonlight on the lake that lingers,
Like molten silver thrown from fairy fountains;
Deep in the forest in a rim of mountains.
How sweet the moonlight on the lake that lingers!
O Lake of dreamland,
This kiss I throw!
O Lake O'Hara,
I love you so!
O'Hara, O Lake O'Hara,
I love you so, I love you so!

Beside the campfire when the night has fallen
We watch the stars between the treetops stealing,
The trails of heaven in the lake revealing,
Beside the campfire when the night has fallen.
O Lake of Dreamland,
This kiss I throw!
O Lake O'Hara,
I love you so!
O'Hara, O Lake O'Hara,
I love you so, I love you so!

THE TRAILS OF THE ROCKIES

(Tune — *The Bells of St. Mary's*)

The Trails of the Rockies, whatever betide,
Through meadow and forest the Riders shall ride,
Shall follow the blaze and the rivers shall ford,
Shall clamber the passes in merry accord.

Chorus

The Trails of the Rockies, the broad and the slender,
The high trails, the low trails, in sunshine and rain
They lead through the wonder of mountainous
splendour

The glory of our Canada again and again.

And deep in the Rockies our camp we shall pitch,
A tent for our palace, in happiness rich,
And there round the fire in a jovial ring
Our tales we shall tell and our songs we shall sing.

The Trails of the Rockies — etc.

24 WE RIDE THE ROCKY TRAILS

(Tune — *Goodbye, my Lover, Goodbye*)

The Sun is shining in the sky — we ride the Rocky Trails,
The Rockies are to us just what the sea is to the whales.

By-low, my baby, By-low, my baby,
By-low, my baby — we ride the Rocky Trails.

We wander up the mountain pass, the icy streams we cross,
We read the blazes on the trees, each one upon a hoss,
And some of us are tourists, and a lot of us are guides,
And if we meet a grizzly bear, you bet the grizzly hides.
By-low, my baby — etc.

And some are from Vancouver and Vancouver Island, too,
And others from the Prairies, where the sky is always blue.
And some from Minneapolis, Los Angeles, New York,
And all of us get busy when we use a knife and fork.
By-low, my baby — etc.

From Washington, Chicago and New Jersey they have
come,
And Calgary and Cranbrook till the trails begin to hum.
From Montreal and Winnipeg, and Banff and Lake Louise,
And Britain sends her quota in a bunch from Overseas.
By-low, my baby — etc.

From Ottawa, Regina and from Brooklyn and St. Louis,
From Boston, Philadelphia and the land of Kangaroos.
We have a charter member who provided us with charts,
And lots of lady members who remind us we have hearts.
By-low, my baby — etc.

25 FARE THEE WELL, ANNABELLE

(*Trail Riders' Version*)

There's a saddle on a pony for me waiting,
Fare thee well, Annabelle!
And I know your hate for me is unabating,
Fare thee well, Annabelle!
With that permanent wave in your hair
Think of me with the grizzly bear
I may meet on the lonely trail
Looking for me from the dark in his lair—
I should like to telephone where he is waiting,
Fare thee well, Annabelle!
To your fam'ly my distressed position stating—
Say I don't know what to do,
But if I come back
Like a racehorse on the track,
You will know that of the two
I would rather be with you for tête-à-têteing,
Fare thee well, Annabelle!

26 ON THE GOOD OLD ROCKY TRAILS

(Tune — *In the Good Old Summer Time*)

On the good old Rocky trails,
On the good old Rocky trails,
Riding with a pretty girl and
Telling her such tales!
You hold her hand and she holds yours
With a love that never fails,
Until your pony bucks you off
On the good old Rocky trails.

27

SADDLE ME UP

(Tune — *Doodle Doo Doo*)

Please sing for me
That sweet melody
Called Saddle Me Up,
Saddle Me Up!
I am a pony,
Aged and bony,
Saddle Me Up!
Saddle Me Up!
What though I be a trifle decrepit,
Show me a trail and saddle me up it;
I love it so,
Where'er you go
Just saddle-me-addle-me-up!

28

IN AN ALPINE VALE BY AN INDIAN TRAIL

(Tune — *Just a Cottage Small By a Waterfall*)

In an Alpine vale by an Indian trail,
Round a cosy fire in camp
With the boughs piled high in a tent nearby
And the moon a silvery lamp;
Then our singing goes a-ringing out
To the snowfields up above.
In an Alpine vale by an Indian trail
Where we live the life we love.

28a

NEW BORN STARS

(Tune — *I Saw Stars*)

New-born Stars,
That lie in mountain lake so clear, so clear,
And bring a mock heaven below.
New-born Stars,
I heard them whispering "Look up! Look up!
And see what we have to show
You're only dreaming,
We're only seeming,
A ripple will wash us away;"
But they're so clever
They shine for ever,
At least till the dawn of the day.
They're New-born Stars
That lie in mountain lake so clear, so clear,
And bring a mock heaven below.

29

SONG OF THE YOHO

(Tune — *The Boatman [Fhair a Bhata]*)

The Falls are roaring down to the river,
The spray is drifting in windy sallies,
My palms are upturned to greet the Giver
Who framed the mountains and hanging valley
Takakkaw and the foaming Yoho,
Takakkaw and the foaming Yoho,
Takakkaw and the foaming Yoho,
Where'er I roam in my heart I'll linger.

The Indian Paintbrush is now adorning
The open slide with its ruby sepals;
I turn my face to the kiss of morning
That comes so cooling from snowy steeples.

Takakkaw and the foaming Yoho — etc.

The melting glaciers in countless ages
Have fed the river and water falling.
O Takakkaw, when thy spirit rages
I hear the voice of the Giver calling.

Takakkaw and the foaming Yoho — etc.

O'HARA

(Tune — *Remember*)

One little ride
 With you by my side,
 And blue skies overhead;
 One little trail
 By mountain and vale
 Where fairy footsteps tread;
 One little campfire
 Where we are tenting;
 One little chorus,
 No one dissenting.

Chorus

O'Hara,
 The lake, the lake of heavenly wonder!
 O'Hara!
 O'Hara,
 Beneath the avalanche's thunder,
 O'Hara!
 O'Hara with silver waterfalls,
 And echo that o'er the lake recalls
 The music of elfin carnivals —
 Who could forget you, O'Hara?

Deep in the wood,
 In still solitude,
 The emerald waters gleam;
 So debonair,
 What could be so rare
 Save in a fairy's dream?
 Only a jewel
 From a tiara
 Worn by the Snow Queen
 Shines like O'Hara.

THE TRAIL RIDERS

(Tune — *The King's Horses*)

The Trail Riders, the Trail Men
 Ride up the hills and then ride back again!
 The Trail Riders and the Trail Girls—
 Some in Stetsons, some in curls,
 All saddled up with their powder and pearls!
 The Trail Riders, the Trail Men.
 They don't ride where autos go—
 You think them slow—but oh dear no!
 They ride for safety, not for show,
 To penetrate the passes where the mountains grow.
 It's their pleasure, now and then,
 To ride up the hills and then ride back again!
 The Trail Riders and the Trail Men!

OVER THE TRAIL

(Tune — *Only a Rose*)

Over the trail we wander,
 Over the hills riding away,
 Over the fire singing in company,
 Chorus in camp ending our day;
 Over the trail to linger,
 Telling our love anew,
 I'll bring along
 A smile and a song
 If I may come
 Over the trail for you!

33 I'M RIDING THE ROOF OF THE WORLD

(Tune — *I'm Sitting on Top of the World*)

I'm riding the Roof of the World,
 That's where I belong,
 That's where I belong,
 On Trails on the Top of the World,
 Just trotting along
 And singing a Song—
 Won't you join the Chorus?
 I just ride the Mountains
 Until I'm ready to fall,
 I just joined the Riders
 With Button and all.
 I'm riding the Roof of the World.
 That's where I belong,
 That's where I belong.

BE GLAD YOU CAME ALONG

(Tune — *The Sidewalks of New York*)

Riding, riding all around the lot,
 You feel like Humpty-Dumpty, and you think you'd
 rather not;
 Pull yourself together, sing a little song—
 Soon you'll like the saddle and be glad you came along.

35 CAN'T TELL WHY I RIDE YOU, BUT I DO

(Tune — *I Can't Tell Why I Love You, But I Do*)

I can't tell why I ride you, but I do-o-o.
 There's lots of other ponies just as good as you.
 But something in your eye
 Says "You'd better not pass by."
 I can't tell why I ride you, but I do-o-o.

I AM A TRAIL RIDER

(Tune—*I Want to Be Happy*—from "No-No-Nanette")

James—

I'm a very ordinary cuss,
 Never rode upon a motor bus,
 Never rode a trolley but I thought it
 was a silly thing to do.
 When there is a pony to be got,
 You can bet you'll find me on the spot,
 Sitting on the saddle that was meant
 for either me or you.

Refrain

I am a Trail Rider,
 You are a Trail Rider,
 She is Trail Rider too!
 Ambling along
 With a jest and a song,
 There was never a jollier crew!
 Nothing to worry or make us feel blue,
 Just that the days are too few!
 I am a Trail Rider,
 You are a Trail Rider,
 She is a Trail Rider too!

Nanette—

I'm a very ordinary girl,
 Never had a maid my hair to curl,
 Never used a powder-puff because it
 seemed a silly thing to do.
 For I find a pony curls my hair
 When I gallop in the mountain air,
 Bringing all the rosy cheeks I need
 to keep my lover true.
 Refrain — As above.

ONE WARM SWEET GLOW

(Tune — *Love's Old Sweet Song*)

Once in the dear dead days beyond recall
 When o'er the camp the night began to fall,
 And on the fire the logs were burning low,
 Over our hearts there came a warm, sweet glow;
 And in the tent where fell the flickering gleam
 Softly there rose into our thoughts a dream.

Just a little night cap
 When the fire is low,
 All the dishes washed up
 And to bed we go,
 Though our limbs are weary,
 Sore from thigh to toe,
 Still a little night cap
 Gives one sweet glow,
 Gives one warm sweet glow.

And when to-night we dream that dream of yore
 Down in our shins it may not feel so sore,
 Knees may be shaky, weary from the trails,
 Still we can dream the cure that seldom fails.
 So in the night when firelight shadows fall
 This may be found the sweetest dream of all.

Just a little night cap — etc.

38 MY PONY IS OUT IN THE OPEN

(Tune — *My Bonnie Lies Over The Ocean*)

My pony is out in the open,
 My pony is off on a spree,
 My pony is out in the open,
 O bring back my pony to me.

Bring back, bring back, O bring back my pony to me,
 to me.
 Bring back, bring back, O bring back my pony to me.

O run, ye guides, out in the open;
 O run, ye guides, after my gee;
 O tie her up tight with a rope on
 And bring back my pony to me.

The guides have run out in the open;
 The guides have gone after my gee;
 And tied her up tight with a rope on
 And brought back my pony to me.

39 FOLLOW THE TRAIL ALONG HOME

(Tune — *Follow the Swallow Back Home*)

With a guide
 At my side
 Where am I
 Gonna ride?
 Follow the trail along home.

Saddle sore,
 Tender feet,
 When am I
 Gonna eat?
 Follow the trail along home.

When I feel a rest is due me
 And the guide is calling to me
 If I go and find instead
 Right ahead
 Waiting there
 Grizzly bear—
 Follow the trail along home!

40 IN THE MOUNTAINS BY THE CAMPFIRE

(Tune — *In The Evening By The Moonlight*)

In the mountains by the campfire
 You can hear mosquitos singing;
 In the mountains by the campfire
 You can feel mosquitos stinging;
 How the blighters must enjoy it,
 As we lie all night and listen,
 As they sing in the mountains by the campfire!

41 THERE'S A LONG, LONG TRAIL

(Trail Rider's Version)

There's a long, long trail a-winding
 Into the land of my dreams,
 Where I hear my comrades singing
 And the camp-fire gleams
 There's a long, long night of dozing
 Until the day breaks anew,
 And I start again a-riding
 Down that long, long trail with you.

42 KEEP THE CAMPFIRE BURNING

(Tune — *Keep The Home Fires Burning*)

Keep the Campfire burning,
 Day to night is turning,
 Soon our fancies with the stars in dreams
 shall roam.
 Let the light be glowing,
 Warmth and sleep bestowing,
 Till at last the dawn comes up
 For the long trail home.

43 WHAT'LL I CHEW

(Tune — *What'll I do?*)

What'll I chew?
 When Wrigley's far away
 And Spearmint too,
 What'll I chew?

What'll I chew?
 When all my gum is through
 And candy too,
 What'll I chew?

What'll I chew?
 With just a peppermint
 To share 'twixt me and you.
 What'll I chew?

What'll I chew?
 When teeth are all too few
 And not quite new,
 What'll I chew?

44 MY MILD-EYED CAYUSE

(Tune — *My Wild Irish Rose*)

My mild-eyed Cayuse,
 So gentle and so spruce,
 There's none on the trail
 Walks more like a snail
 Than my mild-eyed Cayuse.
 My mild-eyed Cayuse
 I whip, but what's the use?
 And some day for my sins
 She'll kick out her shins
 And run like a wild-eyed Cayuse.

(Tune — *A-Roving*)

One day upon the C.P.R.
(Mark well what I do say!)
Out on an observation car
I met a moving picture Star
And she said she went a-riding
The livelong day.
A-riding, a-riding, a-riding where the Rockies are,
She said she went a-riding the livelong day.

I showed her our official chart
(Mark well what I do say!)
And I asked her where she meant to start,
But she answered, "Mister, have a heart!"
Though she said she went a-riding
The livelong day.
A-riding, a-riding, a-riding where the Rockies are,
She said she went a-riding the livelong day.

She wore her golden hair all loose
(Mark well what I do say!)
And her riding breeches looked so spruce—
She said, "I do it to reduce,
That's why I go a-riding
The livelong day."
A-riding, a-riding, a-riding where the Rockies are,
She said she went a-riding the livelong day.

I said, "I'll guide you anywhere."
(Mark well what I do say!)
But she answered with a freezing air,
"I ride upon a rocking chair."
And she said she went a-riding
The livelong day.
A-riding, a-riding, a-riding where the Rockies are,
She said she went a-riding the livelong day.

46 **SAY AU REVOIR BUT NOT GOODBYE**

Say au revoir but not goodbye
To this dear land of open sky,
Where we have found in flowery vales
The freedom of the mountain trails.
Though duty calls and we must go
We'll ride in dreams the trails we know.

In joy or pain, sunshine or rain,
We love it still, we'll come again.
Say au revoir but not goodbye,
We'll come again, so do not sigh.
In joy or pain, sunshine or rain,
We love it still, we'll come again.

47 **RIDE — RIDE — RIDE**

(Tune — *Pack Up your Troubles*)

Pack up a bottle in your duffle bag
And ride, ride, ride.
Keep out a lucifer to light your fag.
Ride, old timer, ride!
What's the use of worrying —
The world is good and wide, so
Pack up a bottle in your duffle bag
And ride, ride, ride!

48 **WHERE THE ALPINE BLOSSOM BLOWS**

(Tune — *Where The River Shannon Flows*)

In a Valley of the Rockies
The Fairy Shepherd's flock is
Up so mighty close to heaven
That the mountain sheep must fly.
It's a land of lake and river
Where trees are green for ever
And the blue is past believing
In the colour of the sky.

Chorus

Where Alpine flowers are blowing
Gay and sweet beside the snows,
On a fragrant trail I'm going
Where the Indian Paintbrush grows.
And in lovely summer weather
My pony I will tether
And just lie among the heather
Where the Alpine blossom blows.

You can see the eagle soaring,
You hear the falls a-roaring,
As they melt from out the icecaps
On the peaks so high above.
And at night across the forest
The moon swings out with no rest
On her trail of golden splendour
O'er the Valley that I love.

49 **MY LITTLE MOUNTAIN PONY**

(Tune — *My Little Gypsy Sweetheart*)

Ramble on, my little mountain pony,
Up where the wild deer roam,
Bring me soon to where beneath the pine trees
Creeks through canyons foam.
Ramble on, my little mountain crony,
Here under heaven's blue dome,
By cool lake and forest wander,
Each new Camp our home.

50 **WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE, BOYS?**

Where do we go from here, boys?
Where do we go from here?
Anywhere that leads us to a bottle of gingerbeer.
There's some say Banff and Lake Louise,
And some say Windermere.
Oh joy! oh boy! Where do we go from here?

51 **THE BOYS ARE WAITING FOR THE FLAPJACKS**

(Tune — *The World is Waiting for the Sunrise*)

Cookie, the boys are waiting for the flapjacks,
Every one with longing is sore;
For say, you make them just the way we all want,
And you bet, we all want more!

52 **GRAND OLD WOLVERINE***

(Tune — *Dear Old Pal of Mine*)

Oh, how we love you, grand old Wolverine!
There's no more heavenly trail that can be seen;
Snowy peaks around you,
Happy we that found you,
Oh, how we love you, grand old Wolverine!
*Jasper version — "Grand Old Lake Maligne."

PORK AND BEANS

(Tune — *Love in Bloom*)

Can it be the skies
That cheer your eyes
With thrill of magical scenes?
Oh no! isn't the skies,
It's pork and beans.
Can it be the air
That makes me swear
The girls are stately as Queens?
No, it isn't the air,
It's pork and beans.
My hunger was raging,
You poured out a can,
And rapture
Then captured
My inner being.
Is it not a treat
To eat and eat
And know what appetite means?
You know it isn't just meat,
It's pork and beans.

INDIAN TRAIL SONG

(Tune — *By The Waters of Minnetonka*)

Moonlight—
Long Night—
Campfire burns low!
Sunrise—
Day's Eyes
Find trail—we go!

Cool shade—
Pine glade
Flowerscent beside—
Birds sing,
Deer spring
As on we ride.

Night falls—
Sleep calls—
Campfire burns bright!
Moon beams
Bring dream
Sweet with delight!

SWEET IN THE SUMMER TIDE

(Tune — *Oft in The Silly Night*)

Sweet in the summer tide
The Alpine flowers are blooming,
And on the trails I ride,
The lovely air perfuming;
The gentian blue, the wild rose too,
Bedewed at early morning,
The immortelle, the heather bell,
The mountain side adorning.

Refrain

Thus in the summer tide
The Alpine flowers are blooming
And on the trails I ride,
The lovely air perfuming.

There to the fragrant day
I do my heart surrender,
Laugh all my cares away
Amid this flowery splendour;
I stay to kiss the clematis,
The saxifrage, the cresses,
Bouquets I twine of columbine
And hooded ladies' tresses.

ON THE TRAIL

(Tune — *Over There*)

On the trail, on the trail,
As we ride, as we ride
On the trail,
You can hear us coming,
The riders coming,
The gay songs humming
Everywhere.
Give a hail, never fail,
As we ride, as we ride
Hill and dale;
We are rovers,
Not just left-overs,
And we won't strike camp
While there's light upon the trail.

AS I WAS RIDING DOWN THE TRAIL

(Tune — *Rig-a-Jig-Jig*)

As I was riding down the trail,
Heigho, heigho, heigho, heigho!
A pretty girl gave me a hail,
Heigho, heigho, heigho!

Rig-a-jig-jig and away we go,
Away we go, away we go,
Rig-a-jig-jig and away we go,
Heigho, heigho, heigho!

She wore her woolly chapps so wide,
Heigho, heigho, heigho, heigho!
She said — "I am a lady guide,"
Heigho, heigho, heigho!
Rig-a-jig-jig, etc.

I said, "You'll do for me, by gum!
Heigho, heigho, heigho, heigho!
Go on and guide till Kingdom Come,
Heigho, heigho, heigho!"
Rig-a-jig-jig, etc.

THE LAST TEEPEE

(Tune — *The Last Round-up*)

I'm a-headin' for the last teepee,
Going to roll into bed for a long sleep and hide—
Come on, old pal, it's time when throats are dry;
I'm headin' for the last teepee!

Snore along, Fletcher Brady, snore along,
snore along
Snore along, Fletcher Brady, snore along!
(Chorus of snorts) (bis)

I'm a-headin' for the last teepee
In a far-way camp where the bulldogs don't fly,
Where mosquitoes are counted and branded,
there go I—

I'm headin' for the last teepee!
Snore along, Fletcher Brady, snore along!
(Sustained chorus of snorts)

RIDIN' AND A-GUIDIN'

(Tune — *Roamin' in the Gloamin'*)

Ridin' and a-guidin'
Where the trails are good and wide,
Ridin' and a-guidin'
With a lady at my side,
With a Big Four on my head
And my chapps all colored red,
Oh, it's lovely ridin' and a-guidin'.

60 I'VE BEEN RIDIN' ON THE TRAIL RIDE

(Tune — *I've Been Workin' on the Railroad*)

Oh! I've been ridin' on the Trail Ride
All the livelong day,
I've been ridin' on the Trail Ride
Just to pass the time away.

Don't you see the mileage growing,
Rise up so early in the morn'?
Don't you hear the Colonel shouting—
"Cookie, blow your horn!"?

61 THE OLD MOUNTAIN PONY

(Tune — *The Old Oaken Bucket*)

How dear to the heart are the Trails of the Rockies
The wonderful rides that the campfire recalls,
The gleam of the lakes and the scent of the forest,
The ford o'er the river, the spray of the falls,
The birds and the chipmunks, the flowers and the
grasses,
The fish that we caught and the tracks of the game,
The snow on the peaks and the green of the passes,
The sheer of the cliffs and the sunset aflame,
The old mountain pony, the wise little pony,
The sure-footed pony that follows the trail.

How dear to the heart are the scenes of the Trail Ride
When pictures and stories revive them anew,
The forest, the river, the mountain and valeside,
The camps which again we in memory view,
The Emerald Lake and the rainbow astride it,
The garden of flowers that the Rockies regale,
The blaze of the log fire, the teepee beside it,
The old Indian pinto that follows the trail,
The old Indian pinto, the iron-will'd pinto,
The mountain-bred pinto that follows the trail.

62 UNDER MOUNT ASSINIBOINE

(Tune — *In a Little Spanish Town*)

Under Mount Assiniboine,
'Twas in a Camp like this,
Moon was like a silver coin,
'Twas in a Camp like this,
I whispered "How do you do?"
But she said — "Skiddoo!"
Many girls have lost a date
Because they're far too smart;
Many moons they have to wait
And still they're in the cart;
Leave 'em alone and you'll have perfect bliss
Under Mount Assiniboine,
Just in a Camp like this.

63 BEAUTIFUL BANFF

(Tune — *Mother Machree*)

There's a playground that God made for me and for you
In the heart of the Mountains midst rivers of blue,
And I know I'll not find though I search till I'm old
Another like Banff with its wonders untold.

Refrain

Sure I love every mountain surrounding me here,
And I love every streamlet so cool and so clear—
I love every trail that I ride o'er each day,
O my beautiful Banff — here would I stay!

There are mountains in Europe and peaks in Cathay,
But there's none has the splendour the Rockies display—
And though far I have wandered there's no place I know
So lovely as Banff on the Banks of the Bow.

(Adapted from verses dedicated to the Banff Rotary Club by
Harry Hutchcroft.)

64 THE YOHO VALLEY TRAIL

(Tune — *The Hills of Donegal*)

O night and day I'm dreaming of the Yoho Valley Trail,
A-winding through the forest and across the rocky shale;
And a rope I would be throwing to mount a pony new,
And ride again the magic trail that once I rode with you.

Chorus

O Yoho Valley Trail,
Your wonders never fail,
And in your Alpine meadows there are flowers so
sweet to see,
And should Manitou prevail,
Soon again I'll ride the Trail,
The Trail, the Yoho Valley Trail so dear to me.

I mind the foaming waterfalls that tumble from the heights,
And see the campfire glowing in the balmy summer nights;
And I mind the marmots piping when the Riders come
and go,
And the green and icy waters that from out the glacier flow.

Chorus.

65 WHEN I GROW TOO OLD TO RIDE

(Tune — *When I Grow Too Old to Dream*)

When I grow too old to ride,
One trail I will remember.
You were then my new-won bride,
With love a-bloom in my heart
We ambled along
With no thought apart,
And when I grow too old to ride,
That trail will live in my heart
M—m—m—m—m
m—m—m—m
And when I grow too old to ride,
That trail will live in my heart.

66 THERE'S AN OLD INDIAN TRAIL

(Tune — *Smilin' Through*)

There's an old Indian trail winding over the hill
To a lake this is lovely to see,
There's an old Indian mare
That can trot anywhere;
So bid camp adieu,
Come riding through
With me.
There's a brown trout or two at the mouth of the creek,
And some big Dolly Varden, I see.
And I think they will rise
If we tempt them with flies—
Bring your rod with you,
Come fishing too
With me.

67 WHITE PEAKS ON THE MOUNTAINS

(Tune — *Red Sails in the Sunset*)

White peaks on the mountains,
Tall timber ahead,
Be guide to the riders
On trails that we thread.
We started at dawning,
A gay hearted crew.
White peaks on the mountains,
We're riding to you.
The trails are our pleasure,
Dry weather or damp,
No time now for leisure
Until we ride into camp.
White peaks on the mountains,
Tall timber ahead,
Be guide to the riders
On trails that we tread.

TRAILING CAVALCADE

(Tune — *Penny Serenade*)

Once a maid
looked around and gave a laugh that was so lovely,
Laughed at me
While we rode the mountain trail in cavalcade
Ha! ha! ha!
You could hear it on the mountain;
Ha! ha! ha!
On the trailing cavalcade.

On her nose
Shone the tan that riders win in sunny weather,
And the beats
Of my heart went pit-a-pat in cavalcade
Ha! ha! ha!
You could hear it on the mountain;
Ha! ha! ha!
On the trailing cavalcade.

In the tale of the trail that I tell
She gave me no token;
Not a word from her fell ere the spell
Of her magic was broken.

Yet so gay
Was her laughter that I always will remember,
When I ride
It will haunt me on our trailing cavalcade
Ha! ha! ha!
You can hear it on the mountain
Ha! ha! ha!
On the trailing cavalcade,
On the trailing cavalcade,
On the trailing cavalcade.

HEAVENLY TRAILS

(Tune — *Heaven Can Wait*)

Heavenly Trails,
through a paradise blooming for me and you in
mountains so grand to view,

Heavenly Trails!
Comrade so true,
here is paradise fragrant with flowery charms,
so far from the world's alarms,

Heavenly Trails!
Overhead an eagle soars above in sunny skies
Through a world of colour like the blue
that's in your eyes,

Heavenly Trails!
through a paradise lovely with every hue,
and blooming for me and you,
Heavenly Trails!

SOME DAY A RIDE WILL COME

(Tune — *Some Day a Prince Will Come*)

from Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs

Some day a ride will come,
Some day a guide will come
Who will think of my temperament
To live all of my life in a tent.

Who wants the city now?
Camp food for me, I vow,
And when far away
I'll find a home some day
With roof of a pine tree bough.

(Tune — *We've Come a Long Way Together*)

We've done a grand ride together
Since we started along Healey Creek,
We've crossed a high pass in heather
Where the snow still is white on the peak.

And now to our camp we are turning
Where guides have got the log-fire all aglow.
We've done a grand ride together
And a new trail tomorrow will know.

UP ALONG

(Tune — *All Ashore*)

Up along we're riding
On a High Trail the Indian knows,
Up along we're riding
Where the stream from a glacier flows.

So ride your cayuse till the day is through
Till the white tents of camp come in view.
Up along we're riding
Where the dream of our life comes true.

CAMPFIRE MEMORIES

Words and Music by Gordon V. Thompson

By the light of the campfire
We join tonight
In an old time sing-song
And care takes flight

With the moon caressing
The scene below,
Our songs expressing
The joy we know.

Chorus

Our Campfire Mem'ries will never die,
They bind us closer as years go by
Out in the moonlight by a lazy stream
We join our voices in love's old theme
Our Campfire Mem'ries will linger long
Like words and music of love's old song!
Our Campfire song!

A MELODY ON THE TRAIL

(Tune — *A Melody From The Sky*)

Love of open air
Is cure for every care,
And soon you learn to hum
A melody on the trail,
How, I cannot tell,
It throws a magic spell,
And silent griefs become
A melody on the trail,
And all the blues go winging
To another clime
In time,
And climbing up into the heavens above
Turn to love,
Love of open air
Is cure for every care,
And soon you learn to hum
A melody on the trail.

(Tune — *Dream Time*)

It's Grub Time,
 Grubby, grubby Grub Time,
 It's Come and Get It now for me and you!
 It's Food Time
 Goody, goody Food Time
 Mosquitoes on the wing are hungry too.
 Come on, don't be late,
 Hurry up, fill the plate
 Fill the plate, do not wait,
 We've got so much eating to do.
 It's Grub Time,
 Grubby, grubby Grub Time,
 It's time to put it down for me and you!

LITTLE OLD PONY

(Tune — *Little Old Lady*)

Little old pony trotting by
 With a tease in your eye,
 You have such a charming rider, sweet and shy.
 Little old Stetson set in place
 And a smile on her face,
 What more perfect picture could an artist ever trace?
 Little bit of Indian here,
 Little bit of Indian there;
 Bet that some old Stony Chief has shown her what
 to wear!
 Little old pony tell me true
 What do I have to do
 So that for a little old while I ride along with you?

NEVER ON A MILLION TRAILS

(Tune — *Never in a Million Years*)

Never on a million trails
 Is there a cayuse like you.
 I could tell a million tales
 Of things that you can do.
 Never in a million miles
 Could you let yourself be passed,
 And never with your million wiles
 Did ever you come last.
 There would be no ride for me
 If your career should close;
 All I ever want to see
 Ends with the tip of your nose.
 For never once upon the mountains
 Could I say your spirit fails;
 Is there any finer pony,
 Any one at all?
 No, never on a million trails.

AS THEY WERE COOKED TONIGHT

(Tune — *The Way You Looked Tonight*)

Some day, when the larder's low,
 When the supper's cold.
 I will feel a glow
 Just thinking of you
 And the beans you cooked tonight.
 Oh! they were lovely
 Served so piping hot,
 Sure they touched the spot —
 There was nothing for us but to love you
 And the beans you cooked tonight!
 With each plate my appetite grows
 Right from the very start,
 And that smell that wrinkles my nose
 Tells of your wondrous art —
 Lovely, never, never change,
 Keep them as they are
 Won't you please arrange it
 'Cause I love them
 Just as they were cooked tonight —
 Mm... Mm...
 Just as they were cooked tonight!

THE NEW EGYPT TRAIL

(Tune — *Isle of Capri*)

'Twas on the new Egypt Trail that I found her,
 She was a chipmunk that sat in her tail;
 Oh! I can still see the fragments around her
 Of the doughnut I lost on the trail.
 Though there are chipmunks at Banff and O'Hara,
 And at Moraine Lake the marmots prevail,
 You'll find the marmotty chipmunkey Paradise
 on earth is the new Egypt Trail.

Supper time was nearly over,
 Rocky Mountain moon on high.
 She said "Mister, I'm a rover;
 Can you spare a small chunk of pie?"
 I whispered sharply, "It's best not to linger,
 You'll find it safe at the top of a tree."
 But she had lifted a paw to my finger,
 'Twas goodbye to a doughnut for me!

LET'S GET TOGETHER

Melody by Geoffrey O'Hara

Let's get together, everybody sing
 "I wish I was in Dixie" and "God Save the King"
 Let's get together, put an end to grief,
 Sing "Yankee Doodle came to town" and then "The
 Maple Leaf"
 Our flags entwined will remind mankind, wherever they
 may be,
 That while the eagle soars
 And the British lion roars
 We will march to Victory.

*Words of chorus by John W. Bratton
 reproduced by permission of Gordon
 V. Thompson Limited, Toronto.*

(Parodied from Gracie Field's latest hit of the same title—by permission of Gordon V. Thompson, Toronto).

You'll get used to it, You'll get used to it,
The first ride is the worst ride
But you'll get used to it.
If you're feeling all run down
With too much of life in town,
Just put your office cares aside
And join us on the Five Day Ride.
It's wonderful! It's marvellous!
You'll add a year to life, and that's a cinch!
You gotta used to it,
And when you get used to it
You will take your waistbelt in another inch.
Yo-de-la-dee!

You'll get used to it, You'll get used to it,
It won't feel like an armchair
But you'll get used to it.
If you never rode a horse,
You may think you'll need a nurse;
But if a girl's without a guide
Just amble gently to her side —
It's wonderful! It's marvellous!
The way the pony jerks you is sublime.
You gotta get used to it,
And when you get used to it
You will ride like an old-timer all the time.
Yo-de-la-dee!

You'll get used to it, You'll get used to it,
You zig zag through the big crags,
But you'll get used to it.
You ride along the forest trails
And over flowery Alpine vales,
You ford the icy sun-lit streams
That thread the Rockies of your dreams.
It's wonderful! It's marvellous!
You get a tan like Indian squaw or chief —
You gotta get used to it
And when you get used to it
You'll find it gives a kick beyond belief.
Yo-de-la-dee!

You'll get used to it, You'll get used to it,
The teepee makes you sleepy
But you'll get used to it.
You build a fire with sticks inside —
If you're a tyro — call a guide,
And hang your socks and shirt to dry,
As on your sleeping bag you lie.
It's wonderful! It's marvellous!
You chat and dream until the night is o'er.
You gotta used to it,
And when you get used to it
You'll soon forget the other fellow's snore.

(Tune — *We did it before*)

We rode it before and we can ride it again,
And we will ride it again,
We've got a peach of a trail to ride
By Rocky pass and the Great Divide;
We rode it before and we can ride it again
And we will ride it again.
We're short and tall, and we're out for fun
We'll lick up supper before we're done
Echoes we call to are ringing,
Singing as we ride along.
We rode it before and we can ride it again,
And we will ride it again,
We'll ride through timber
And then we'll climb above the timber line,
We rode it before, we'll ride it again!

I DON'T WANT TO RIDE WITHOUT YOU, COWBOY

(Tune — *I don't want to walk without you, Baby*)

All my pals keep trotting on the trail,
They've bawled me out for riding like a snail.
But all I say is "Go some other place,
And here I stay and keep the same old face,
Cause
I don't want to ride without you, Cowboy,
Ride without my eyes about you, Cowboy,
I thought the day I left you behind
I'd ride with them and get you right off my mind,
But now I find
That I don't want to ride without your Stetson—
Where d'you pick up that Ten Gallon Stetson?
Oh, Cowboy, keep it on, you'll break my heart for me,
'Cause I don't want to ride without you,
No Siree!"

ALL TOGETHER NOW

(Trail Rider Version of Song of the same name from
'Gullivers Travels')

We're all together now, All together now,
Ready to chew any old fare,
Wha-da we, wha-da we, wha-da we care?
We're all together now, All together now;
Appetite fair, Wha-da we care,
Wha-da we, wha-da we, wha-da we care?
There's a meal we have to eat,
It's a meal that can't be beat,
Just a tasty little snack that soon goes down.
We're all together now, etc., etc. (as before.)

92 **THERE'S A LOG FIRE TO DREAM BY**

(Tune — *There's a Harbour of Dream Boats*)

There's a log fire to dream by
Down by a moonlit lake,
Down where the riders come their camp to make;
There are swarms of mosquitoes
Waiting along the shore,
Waiting to drink their fill of human gore,
With a sting as they sing and their eyes
on the ready-made bean feast
They keep looking for the meat that they adore.
There's a log fire to dream by
Down by a moonlit lake,
Down where the riders come their camp to make.

93 **WHEN MOONS RIDE HIGH**

(Tune — *As Time Goes By*)

The time and place you're riding in gives cause for
apprehension;
What is your real intention
Is what she hopes you'll mention —
If you get a trifle weary
Of rather pointed query,
Bring her gently back to earth,
Talk income tax, relieve the tension —
She won't make so much progress in getting you tied down,
If you discuss the ration cards and cost of life in town.

Chorus

You must remember this,
As mountain breezes kiss,
How quickly moments fly;
And none can tell the reason why
As you ride by.
So say as one should do
"I'll see you bye and bye"
When you must bid adieu —
Ignore the hankie at her eye
At this goodbye.
Beware of moonlight when you make a date—
Moonlight may tempt you too fond love to state;
Tell her your income, don't equivocate —
She'll find out if you lie!
A life with lots of leisure
To ride the Trails for pleasure
Is what is in her eye.
The mountains are the place for lovers
When moons ride high.

94 **SUN-TAN BECOMES YOU**

(Tune — *Moonlight Becomes You*)

Stand there a moment, missie,
Let me take a snap —
I've never seen a figure so entrancing —
Do try to keep that young cayuse from prancing.

Refrain:

Sun-tan becomes you, it goes with your eyes;
To ride in the mountains is surely wise;
Sun-tan becomes you, and curls in your hair,
And the half-Indian outfit you wear.
You're all dressed up for the Trail Ride,
Now don't tell me I'm wrong,
The rockies across hill-and-dale ride,
Mind if I tag along?
If I should admire you, I want you to know
It's not because you've sun-tan, although
Sun-tan becomes you so.

95 **YOU'D BE SO JOLLY TO CAMP WITH**

(Tune — *You'd Be So Nice To Come Home To*)

It's not that you're fatter
Than a lot of girls who go riding,
That I doff my hat
As a worshipper at
Your shrine.
It's not that your chatter
Sends the other boys into hiding,
No, my dear, this keeps me deciding
Why you've got to be mine.

Chorus

You'd be so jolly to camp with,
You'd look so sweet by the fire,
Where the stars above
Light the trail to love,
That's the trail that all folk desire.
Under trees
Shading the teepees,
Under a big round moon
Far from all strife;
You'd look so sweet,
You'd be such a treat
To make camp with for life.

96 **OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MORNING**
(*Trail Ride Version of the Song from "Oklahoma"*)

There's a bright golden hair on my shoulder
But don't think that I got any bolder
It's all of a curl
But it's not from a girl
It came from the tail of my mount on the trail;

Refrain:
Oh! what a beautiful morning
Beautiful trail all the way,
I got a beautiful teepee;
Everything's goin' okay!

Oh, the air of the mountains is heady
And the ponies are saddled and ready
With the army of guides
That you find on those rides,
And you start on the trail
And the ozone inhale —
Oh! what a beautiful morning, etc., etc.

97 **THE SADDLE WITH MY GIRL ON TOP**
(*Tune — The Surrey with the Fringe on Top*)

When I take you out along with me,
Pony, here's the way its going to be
You will step behind a string of brown cayuses
On the finest trail you ever see,

Refrain:
Bear and moose and deer go skedaddle,
When I put you under a saddle,
When I put you under a saddle
With my girl on top —
Watch that girl and see how she wriggles,
Hear her talk and go into giggles;
Watch her nose and see how it wiggles
And her eyes go pop!
Her hair is yellere and her jodhpurs are brown;
Her skin is tougher than leather,
She bought a pair purple coloured specs in town
In case we had too sunny weather;
All the while she's winkin' and blinkin',
Ain't no finer girl I'm a-thinkin',
You can keep your own if you're thinkin' 'at I'd
keer to swap
Any other for the saddle with my girl on top!

100 **NATIONAL ANTHEMS**
(*Same Tune*)

GOD SAVE THE KING

God save our gracious king,
Long live our noble king,
God save the king;
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us;
God save the king.

98 **THE OPEN TRAIL**
(*Tune — The Old Refrain*)

I seldom think of home, tra-la-la-la!
And of the license for my motor car,
For on the open trail, tra-la-la-la!
These are the things that soon forgotten are,
And I am riding where the sky is blue
With not a thought of bills that may be due,
Where I can watch the little chipmunks play
With income tax collectors far away —
And when in camp I sit beside the fire
I know the happiness that all desire
And to the tinkling of an old guitar
I sing my Trail Ride Song, tra-la-la-la!

Though riders come and go, tra-la-la-la!
And campfires vanish like a shooting star,
Yet still their echoes ring, tra-la-la-la!
And leave the fragrance of a good cigar.
The skies are blue by day and dark by night,
The pork and beans subdue my appetite,
And in my dreams I hear in ravishment
The "Come-and-get-it" from the cookie's tent —
So on the trail to heaven's gate ajar
I'll keep just riding on, tra-la-la-la!

99 **THE PERFECT KIND OF A VACATION**
(*Tune — A Lovely Way to Spend an Evening*)

Some like to ride in an auto,
Some like to travel by train,
Some like it best
When they sit at rest
And look through the windowpane;
Some like to live in a duplex,
Some are content with a jail,
But there's nothing to beat
A saddle for seat,
Riding the rocky trail.

Refrain:
This is the perfect kind of a vacation,
Can't think of better things that we could do,
This is the perfect kind of elevation,
Riding the skyline trail in heaven with you —
To amble along in the twilight,
To rest by the shore of a lake;
Under the stars and moonlight
Here we our camp would make —
This is the perfect kind of a vacation,
I want to save every hour and spend it with you.

101 **AMERICA**

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side,
Let freedom ring.

WALTZING MATILDA

Once a jolly rider sang me a little song
Down by the side of a juniper tree
And he looked at his watch and waited till he saw me smile
"You'll come a-waltzing, Matilda, with me."

REFRAIN:

Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda
You'll come a-waltzing, Matilda, with me
And he looked at his watch and waited till he saw me smile
"You'll come a-waltzing, Matilda, with me."

Up came a foolhen to join in the little song,
Round turned the rider and choked her with glee,
And he sang as he packed that foolhen in his saddlebag
"You'll come a-waltzing, Matilda, with me."

Waltzing Matilda, etc., etc.

Up came the campcook, drumming on his frying pan,
Up came the cowboys, one, two, three —
"What's that gory foolhen doing in that saddlebag?
You'll come a-waltzing, Matilda, with me."

Waltzing Matilda, etc., etc.

Up jumped the rider and sang to them another song
"You'll never leave here alive," said he,
And their ghosts could be heard in the chorus of that other song
"You'll come a-waltzing, Matilda with me."

Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda
You'll come a-waltzing, Matilda, with me
And their ghosts could be heard in the chorus of that other song
Waltzing Matilda, Matilda with me."

The girl with guitar reproduced on front cover is by permission from a poster drawn by Rolf Armstrong for Brown and Bigelow, Saint Paul 4, Minnesota.

[According to the two R.A.A.F. airmen who were with us on the Trail Ride, the original song dates from about 80 years ago but has recently been revised with words by A. B. Patterson and modern settings. It has been called the unofficial National Anthem of Australia. In Canada it is distributed by Gordon V. Thompson; In the U.S.A., it is published by Carl Fisher Inc.; in England by the Oxford University Press and in Australia by Allan & Co., Melbourne, with the official words and music.]